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NEVVS FROM THE THAMES; OR, THE Frozen Thames IN TEARS.

WHence is this Chance *O Heavens!* That ye be
So much afflictive unto piteous me?
What makes the *Air* and bluſtring *Winds* combine
Within a *Rockey* Coffin to confine
Me and my Family, who for Ages gone,
With *Boreas* held a conſtant Union?
Nor by Tranſgreſſion have *I* giv'n the Cauſe
For Men to ſay I've wrong'd my Sov'raigns Laws.
Pity my caſe, and in your wonted mode
Diſſolve thoſe Shackels that do now me load,
Come *Auſter!* With thy more auſpicious breath,
And ſave us all from thraldom, and from death.
For thoſe great Hoaſts that always lodged with me,
And had their dainties at my Table free.
Look like dry'd *Skeletons.* The great ſupplies
(Which from the City came, and did ſuffize
Them all) ſince here we have impriſon'd been,
Are now with-held, and can't be longer ſeen.
Yea to Enhance my grief, the greater Fiſh o'repow'r
The leſſer ones, and daily them devour:

Thus

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Thus ſince there is no other food to find,
Unkindly they do feed on their own *Kind*,
Great *Sholes* of *fry* beſide for want are ſpread,
Some here, ſome there, ſome ſick, the moſt are dead.
Darkneſs ſurrounds this *Watry* Region ſo,
The ſtouteſt ones ſoon *Melancholick* grow,
Nor doth bright *Titan* with his wonted light
By day afford occaſion for delight.
Up o're the *Ceiling* we great *Thunder* hear,
Which ſtrikes the very *Sturgeon* into fear.
Both *Carts* and *Coaches* with their ratling Wheels,
Great noiſe of Mens and Horſes trampling heels
Cauſe ſuch a quaking, as the Earth doth make,
When of proud winds her *Caves* a *Surfeit* take,
Worſe than *Ægyptian* plagues do us purſue,
Yet were we ne'er unkind to *Iſre'ls* Crew.
Over our heads a *Colony* is come,
That diſpoſſeſs us both of *houſe* and *home*,
Who croſs to *Natures* laws have left the land,
And on my liquid *ſurface* firmly ſtand.
When *Peter* walking once began to *ſink*,
There *Ruffians* now do *ſwagger*, *Wench* and *Drink*.
Oh *ſtrange* ! More ſtrange then *Iſre'ls Wonder* was,
When dry-ſhod o're the *Read Sea* they did paſs:
(The flouds well Curb'd) *they* did on *Sand* advance
Theſe on the *floods* themſelves both friſk and dance.
With me, ye *Citizens* ! Lament and moan,
I've been your *Antient* Friend, and *Faithful* One.
Under your Roofs your Wealth I've ſafely brought,
Which with great cares quite round the world ye ſought.
There's ſcarce a Soul within your Walls that I
Did not with dayly aid at full ſupply.
And you briſk *Watermen* ! Above the reſt,
Who've ſuckt your living from my pregnant *breaſt*,
Bedew your lean cheeks with *repented* tears,
Till *Heav'n* do *ſympathize*, and quel your fears.
For tho that now your *Brandy-Merchants* grown,
Turn *Watermen* again, or ye'r ore thrown.

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